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The

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MY EMERALD TALISMAN

By Edward McCarthy '35

TN a book parading a yellow jacket and L bearing the distinctive title, "Fish on Friday," I once discovered an essay. Rereading this lively, literary snatch, often as I might, always makes me happy. the true sense of the word, it makes me bubble with happiness, for nothing ugly is to be found in this essay. It is the beauty of the beautiful all through. "Skheenarinka," a name that will make every reader look twice, individualizes this piece of literature from all its relatives. The Rev. Leonard Feeney wrote this essay. Aside from the fact that I love to read essays, "Skheenarinka" gives me special delight because it is a Catholic essay - really a small block of pure white marble in the glorious structure of "emerging" Catholic literature in the United States. Paradoxically, this reason for joy also brings sadness to my heart. A fear comes upon me now and then, though it may be a useless fear, that this grand, sturdy structure will soften and crumble, for, in reality, it is almost an empty house, a house in which only a few readers live. Visitors are still fewer than regular inhabitants. Lest I wander away further, I hasten to talk about "Skheenarinka" again.

I was speaking of "Skheenarinka" as an essay. Can it be classified as such? A foolish question this, when the essay is the wastebasket for the genre of writings which is difficult to classify. Surely, "Skheena-

rinka" is an essay, albeit an eccentric one. From the front down, it is largely a narrative, but it does try to explain matters; it explains a good deal. This is the essay part of it. Narration and exposition combined is "Skheenarinka," therefore, a narration-essay. A hybrid of this kind is not often successful as a literary production, but in this case it is a success. The flowers of imagination are there to form a bouquet for the silver vase of common sense. Quite as flowers and vase are distinct from each other, so in "Skheenarinka" the expository and the narrative elements are separate. The Rev. Leonard Feeney clearly knows when he is using the one or the other. Yet he has adroitly combined these elements into a unified production like a chemical mixture as, for example, air. But as in air, the nitrogen component exceeds that of oxygen, so in this essay, narration runs in excess of exposition. A perfect blend, however, is the result. Blends are usually superior to raw elements, and "Skheenarinka" belongs to the excellent blends. It is with respect to construction that I am labeling this work a "narration-essay."

The narrative part of "Skheenarinka" gives a simple account of Father Feeney's unanticipated visit to a country school-house in Ireland. Eagerly he approached Skheenarinka of which he says, "It was a very small schoolhouse in Ireland, in County Tipperary, on the road that goes

west from Clonnel, near a village I cannot remember, at the foot of a mountain of which I cannot spell the name." At this point the narrative is interrupted; the expository part, or the essay, is begun and carried on to a finish.

Master Connolly, the head of the school, welcomed and straightway introduced the visitor to the thirty bare-legged, ruddycheeked, tousle-headed little pupils of this schoolhouse "by the dancing bush." With joyful presentiment, these Irish lads received their guest. But the guest challenged them. "I came in, boys, to stump you in Catechism," he said. What a steely challenge! A counter challenge no less bold flew back: "Stump us in Catechism! We! The Irish! We who were fed Christian Doctrine with our first sups of milk! Stump us! The progeny of St. Patrick! The scions of a race that never knew a doubt and never held a heresy! Come on with the best that is in you!" Battle began. It was a good battle, waxing, stinging. Apropos, that round-faced, young fellow, Bartley, by his unruly and loud yelling, "I believe in God! I believe in God!" necessarily transferred the care of the class to Master Connolly again. He alone could reduce shouting to order.

After exhibiting their learning and before rushing out into the sunny meadows to announce a holiday, the pupils and their master prayed. They coaxed God. They, like the Irish people, who are intimate with God, prayed. By evening, Father Feeney, who had spent all that afternoon with Master Connolly, realized that his day's schedule had been totally abandoned. But he had visited Skheenarinka. It had been a happy visit. If, as it is said, happiness grows at our own fireside and is not to be plucked in the gardens of strangers, it,

nevertheless, so happened that Father Feeney plucked it abundantly at Skheenarinka in the garden of a friend. Master Connolly and his school proved delightful, inviting, interesting. Because Master Connolly's character is so vividly unfolded, the essay part of "Skheenarinka" is exceedingly attractive. Though numerous digressions, that have the flavor of narrative about them, are interspersed throughout this character sketch, they never for a moment confuse the portrayal, or exposition, of the personal traits belonging to this gentlemanly school teacher.

As it happens with me, so it is likely to happen with every one who reads this inspiring little narrative-essay, "Skheenarinka," that Master Connolly will impress his image indelibly on the reader's imagination. In my mind, I see him now with his spectacles and his red mustache. bodily height, his face without wrinkles although he is a man of sixty years — his gay tie, his smooth clothing matching well to his supple form, all are there in that mental picture as clearly as if he were standing before me. His appearance is as clean-cut as an etching. A literary work which leaves a lasting impression in the minds of readers belongs to productions ranking high in worth. I am pleased that I discovered this worth for my own benefit. Master Connolly is an example of all that a real man should be. He is a kind man. He meditates on the great truths concerning life. He asks God to bless him and his work. I love this old master. In the essay of which he is the chief topic, he stands delineated from the inside and the outside, spiritually and bodily, as a Christian gentleman, polite, noble-minded, and not remote.

The prospect of Irish schoolboys awak-

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ened under the leadership of Master Connolly is a subordinate theme of "Skheenarinka." I am sure that Father Feeney does not merely mean to tell me of his visit to the small schoolhouse "by the dancing bush," nor only about Master Connolly. Above all else, he certainly desires to indicate that Ireland is renewing herself by her faith as expressed in the lives of these "few little ones, the least and the loneliest," through whom she again "takes hold on one more generation of men." The master with his pupils, is engaged in this process of renewal; faith, virtue, learning, courage will crown the work. Clearly enough, Ireland is not dying; it is growing.

Not only are subject matter and message of Father Feeney's "Skheenarinka" productive of interesting reflections, but also his presentation and diction are equally engaging. There is an agreeable smoothness in his narrative, and a keen lucidity in his expository wording which give a simple, yet dignified, tone to his writing. That he is a poet by impulse and a writer of prose by choice may easily be gleaned from his style. Rhythmic prose is really the nature of his language. With very little effort "Skheenarinka" could be cast into a pastoral poem. Throughout, the tripping, informal, fitful effect of free verse is noticeable. Often within a paragraph the poetic tendency asserts itself at the expense of prose, even to the extent of drifting into poetic license. The spirit of the ancient Irish bards flutters through the style of Father Feeney.

Its excellent qualities have made "Skheenarinka" a talisman for me when I find the world growing moody about me. Because it is entirely Irish, I call it my emerald talisman, and I invoke its charming wizardry as a push-over into happy feelings when days come along that will not even offer a pinch of a hard boiled smile.

Simplicity by

J. Ludas '36

Why am I irked to find some racy theme
Too full of thought for my poor pen to glean,
When themes that boil and seethe with heat of life
Lie full in prospect at my cabin's door?
The swallow sweeps in curves that cleave the sky;
The sparrow struts his pride before his mate;
The rose her blushing favor seeks to hide;
The elm and linden vie in towering height.

With sights of daring, courage, love, and strife Within the purlieus of small domain, Why then speak not out loud and bold and free Without attempt at solving mystery?

More precious than dim Thules are for me Is that sweet life which daily I may see.

THE REAL "BLACK MAGIC"

By Joseph Klinker '35

THE shrill whistle of a siren shricked L through the dense fog of a London night. Out of the usual greasy darkness merged a squad car and stopped with a jerk at the curb of a narrow street. Shuffling from the car, the blue-clad bobbies at once faced a young man with whom their captain, at least, seemed acquainted. The young dandy was well-dressed and cleanly shaven except for a narrow line of masculine bristles under his nose. The decoration had lost all the semblance of a mustache; it looked rather much like the eyebrow of an actress. By profession he was a newspaper reporter; and in this capacity, belonged to London's best.

"'Lo, Holmes," the captain greeted. "What's wrong? You're on the job quite early, it seems."

"Rather, Cap. MacPherson," Holmes replied. "Reporters must be early and late and everywhere, don't you know?"

"They don't have to be in every one's way," MacPherson rebuked jokingly. "But tell me what happened. We're answering a call in this grimy old section of the city for some purpose or other. It cannot be that 'Black Magic' is on the job again, can it?"

"I'm afraid you've guessed it, Captain. And by the way," continued Holmes, "I got a glimpse of the old boy several hours ago. I'm sure it was he. I came here a little after midnight to scout about for

news among the morning-star cuckoos. Besides I had a hunch that the sly fox might be prowling in this neighborhood. My hunch served me well, for, sure as daybreak is coming, as I was walking up the other side of the street, I noticed, by the help of the bleer light of that street lamp, a form issuing from this haberdashery. Part of the place, you see, is a jewelry store. I knew that he didn't see me. I hung around this place for a long time to spy on what might turn up. Presently he returned; went to that box; sent in an alarm and vanished. I tried to trail his tracks, but lost sight of him. The news I had picked up I phoned to my paper, and then waited for you to come."

"H'm," mused Captain MacPherson, "that's just the way 'Black Magic' always works — never leaves without sending in an alarm and always to the down-town station. What I can't grasp is why he never steals money, but always some priceless jewel or valuable article. We're here now; let's investigate."

"Vot is dis?" Holmes, the Captain, and the bobbies turned to see the proprietor of the haberdashery, an undersized fellow, a German, who expostulated, "Can't a decent man have a business anymore without crooks and robbers stealing off him, vot?"

"Ha, ha," laughed Holmes, "you're just another victim of 'Black Magic,' old fellow!"

THE REAL "BLACK MAGIC"

"Oy, yoy, yoy, am I robbed? You laugh? Vot? Schwartz —er —er vot kind of man, you say? Did he took — oh, yoy, yoy, did he took —" The little proprietor was almost beside himself.

"What he took is what we want to find out," consoled Captain MacPherson. "Show us through your place of business. It's good that you are here early."

Mr. Zimmerman, the proprietor, unlocked door upon door and led the group through his smelly shop. Having switched on the lights, he hurried over to his jewelry case, while MacPherson scrutinized the floor.

"H'm, here we are!" exclaimed Mac-Pherson as he picked up a black card from the floor. In bold white letters the card bore the name, 'Black Magic'. "As usual," MacPherson continued, "the public enemy did not fail to leave his souvenir."

"Ach mein himmel, that louse," Zimmerman groaned from the other side of the room, "he took the diamond pin vot belonged to my father and my father's fathers."

"Was it worth anything?" Holmes inquired.

"Vort anything? O, yoy, yoy, it was priceless."

Seeing that no more news was to be had, reporter Holmes left for his own apartment. By phone he called up the newspaper office, gave his version of the story about the robbery; then took to bed for a brief rest.

Two sunless days and foggy nights passed since the episode with 'Black Magic' when again Victor Holmes was exercising his "nose for news." This time he was on an evening run. The Big Ben in Westminster had just bonged out eight o'clock,

when at the door of a government building, Holmes collided with something or someone in the settling darkness.

"Pardon me," he gasped. As there was no immediate response, he felt rather abashed at absentmindedly asking pardon from what presumably might be nothing more than a post or door. But he was presently much astonished when a feminine voice answered:

"Certainly."

"Certainly?" Holmes queried in surprise.

"Yes, certainly," came the answer. "I was knocked out of breath by the jolt you gave me, but I'm all right now."

"You're not hurt then?"

"Why, no, but this foggy darkness is a bit tantalizing." The feminine accent made Holmes eager for further questioning.

"You're not lost, are you?" he proceeded.

"I shouldn't be, but you can never tell in London," she giggled.

"Perhaps I can help you?"

"You could, perhaps, but I don't remember the address of the place I have in mind. I must go by appearances. And who can see in this fog and darkness?"

"Then we'll have to find some light," Holmes replied mechanically, but added in a more interested way, "Say, I haven't eaten, and it's growing late. Won't you join me?"

"Why, I —er —should be—" she stammered.

"Then it's settled; come on."

At the corner of the street, Holmes hailed a cab. "Cafe D'Hote" he told the driver and then leaned comfortably in the cushions. As the cab passed through Trafalgar Square, the strong lights gave him a chance to look at the strange woman who was now his companion. Rather a

pretty dame, he thought. For the sake of conversation, he began:

"You know, it is claimed that Americans are funny people, and the claim must be true. They still hold a grudge against us Britishers. Now we are either broadminded or very foolish - I don't know which — to allow them to erect a statue to their national hero, Washington, right in Trafalgar Square. This Square belongs to Nelson, and to him alone. Then, to make things look still more silly, we have permitted them to put a statue of their war President, Lincoln, within the shadow of our grand Westminster Abbey." For a moment he paused, remembering that he was speaking to a perfect stranger. Timidly he ventured to ask, "You are not an American, are you?"

"No," she replied, "but I've been there." Holmes felt relieved at finding out as much.

The cab came to a stop, and the driver helped them out. As they entered the restaurant, she continued:

"The American people, about whom you were speaking, are a brave set though. Plucky people, but rather queer. They'll ask an Englishman to talk only to have a chance to laugh at his speech, as if theirs were any better. And they don't really know what freedom is. That much I discovered during my brief stay among them. But say, are you a novelist?"

Holmes adjusted the chair for her as she took her place at the table; then seating himself, answered:

"Novelist? No, just a cub reporter. But why do you ask?"

"Oh, you seem to be the dreaming kind, and —"

The waiter came to take their order.

"But surely a girl like you doesn't simply exist," Holmes broke in, "you have some sort of profession, haven't you?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I'm also a reporter, but I'm altogether new on the job in London. Up to the past few months, I've spent the major part of six years in Paris, Dublin, and America."

The waiter returned to serve their order.

"Quite a traveler, not?" Holmes resumed. "I have acquaintance with nearly all the reporters in London, but you are a new one on me. By the way, as reporters, you and I don't seem to be very inquisitive. We've not even made known our names. I'll give you a scoop on me; my name is Victor Holmes, reporter for the 'Globe', if you care to know."

"And my name is Gloria Watson of the 'Herald'. For sometime, I was with 'Le Temps de Paris' and for a while with 'The New York World'. But I fear this job with the 'Herald' will prove to be the last straw in my newspaper career."

"Why that?" Holmes asked. "See here, don't be a piker; stay with the job. Now that we have eaten, shall we dance?"

"I'd love to," she assented.

In the course of a dance, Holmes said, "London is a great old town, 'n'est-ce pas'?"

"Oh, rather, at least when one is out of the fog," Gloria agreed.

For a moment both seemed to grow serious. Holmes broke the spell by asking:

"Weren't you looking for an address?"

"Oh, yes," Gloria admitted, "but I'm glad that I forgot about it. I couldn't forego a good time like this for the sake of any address."

"Just like a woman," Holmes taunted.

To their ears came the booming of the Big Ben striking eleven.

"Great goodness," exclaimed Gloria. "I

never thought it was so late. I really must be going."

"May I show you home?"

"Please don't bother," Gloria begged. "I must call at the office before I go home."

"But we shall see each other again, I hope," Holmes insisted. "Couldn't you suggest some date?" He held the door open for her. As they proceeded to the sidewalk, Gloria ventured:

"There's a dance at Hampsted Hearth next Thursday evening. Shall we go?"

"It's a date," he answered, meanwhile hailing a cab for her. "But how shall I reach you?"

"I live near there," she directed. "When you arrive, drop in at some phone station and call me up. My number is in the directory." She stepped into the cab and was gone.

"Good-bye until nine o'clock Thursday evening," Holmes shouted after her.

The cab was halted in a traffic congestion. Gloria leaned out of an open window and called to Holmes:

"Be careful that the 'Black Magic' doesn't get you in the meanwhile."

Holmes started at this remark. could she know anything about the 'Black Magic"? But, though new in London, she was a reporter like himself. Surely she must have heard something of the phantom. He could not forget Gloria so easily, but now his pleasant memories of her were mingled with fear and suspicion. Had she been trailing the 'Black Magic' for the sake of unearthing a good story for the paper? Did she know more about the phantom than he supposed? For the succeeding two days, disquieting thoughts harassed him. To make matters worse, nothing eventful turned up to occupy his mind. He wished that Thursday evening were at hand. He might discover after all that Gloria knew little, if anything worthwhile, about the exciting mischief that had taken all London by the ears. If only she does not know too much, he thought. He was well aware that ingenious reporters often prove to be more shrewd than the police.

On that Thursday evening, Holmes decided to be at Hampsted Heath in good time. He would, moreover, be at his best in mood and appearance. As he drove down Kingsway in his modern coupe, the early signs of evening fog began to drift over the city. It will be a foggy night, he reasoned; one of the kind that invites "Black Magic" to his gambols. Surely on this night Gloria Watson would not think of the knavery of this trickster. She loved good times; he had observed as much at their former meeting. There was a splendid library in Hampsted Hearth containing rare books and manuscripts. A better chance for "Black Magic" to strike than the fog of this evening offered, together with rare treasures so handy, was hardly thinkable. His amazing trick, moreover, would come at an irregular time. should not "Black Magic" stir up trouble in so rich a borough as Hampsted? These thoughts were enticing to Holmes. would ignite the fuse; a disturbing explosion would follow; the library would be the scene of all the turmoil. During the excitement, he would call up Gloria and then motor to her home.

Having set his design on foot, he called up Gloria from a nearby soda fountain. She was waiting for him at her home. In a short time they were dancing merrily. Hardly an hour had passed when the shrill whistle of a siren shrieked through the dense fog and stopped before the historic library at Hampsted. Leaving Gloria at

the dance hall, with instructions to drive his car to the library, Holmes rushed away in order to be at the scene of trouble as quickly as possible. He had but the short distance of a block to run, but his hurry had almost taken away his breath. Gaspingly he greeted Captain MacPherson of the police squad:

"Hello, Mac!"

"Hello, Vic," returned the Captain, "you're always around when 'Black Magic' has pulled a stunt. Of course you want the story."

"Are you sure it was the 'Black Magic'? What's missing in the library?" Victor Holmes seemed excited in placing questions.

"Yes, we're sure it was the old trouble-maker," answered the Captain. "His black card with the name in white — 'Black Magic' — was found on the floor near a book rest from which a priceless, illuminated manuscript has disappeared. Whatever else has been taken we do as yet not know."

"Will you kindly permit me to inspect the curious card of which you speak, Captain?" asked Gloria Watson, who by now had been present long enough to overhear much of what was said.

"Certainly," assented Captain McPherson.

Gloria took the card and by the light of Victor Holmes' own machine which she had brought, she scrutinized the card with the care of one who is looking for vague markings. Momentarily she appeared to be stricken dumb by what the card revealed to her. Then briskly walking over to where the Captain stood talking to Holmes, she snapped out:

"Captain MacPherson, arrest that man, Victor Holmes."

"Arrest Holmes? Why, he has done nothing. He is a pesky fellow, I'll admit."

"Are you interested to know, Captain, that he is the real terror of this town? He is none other than the 'Black Magic.' Arrest him," she insisted.

"Why, Gloria, Gloria, how can you —?" Holmes rebuked.

"You, Holmes, thought it was a happy coincidence when you bumped into me on a dark, foggy evening some days ago. Do you remember the meal we had at a restaurant on that evening? Do you remember that as the meal was over, you pulled your reporter's pad from your pocket to show me a story which you had written about the robbing of Mr. Zimmerman's haberdashery, a robbery which involved the loss of a priceless diamond ring for that merchant? All these incidents you may be able to recall, but what you do not recall is that in drawing the pad from your pocket, you accidentally drew with it several of your black cards marked in white letters 'Black Magic.' These cards fell to the floor. Then, as you stepped over to the clerk to pay for that meal, I gathered up the cards and hurriedly marked them with your initials. Immediately I came up behind you and deftly slipped the pad and the cards into the pocket from which you took them in the first place. In order to distract your attention from my ruse, I plucked at your arm to indicate that I was impatient to leave. These are matters that you do not remember.

"Now, as soon as 'Black Magic' struck again and, as usual left his card, like a 'Jack out of the Box,' it is a card bearing your initials. Evidently, you enjoyed the excitement which your annoyances caused, for you were always on the spot when a job of 'Black Magic' was being investigated

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by the police. Captain MacPherson can witness this statement. I'm terribly sorry that it is you, Victor Holmes, whom I must accuse. You were polite and kind to me. In spite of your kindness, I must bring evidence against you. I will say further that if the police will search your car, they will likely find the manuscript taken from the library; that if they will search your pockets, they will probably find the remaining cards which I have marked, and among your effects, they will undoubtedly discover the diamond ring belonging to Mr. Zimmerman. Your story about that robbery was a plain hoax. This is all I have to say."

A search of Holmes' machine produced the stolen manuscript; his pockets yielded up the remaining marked cards and Mr. Zimmerman's diamond ring. He stood convicted.

"You're arrested," declared Captain MacPherson as he turned sternly to Holmes.

"Just a minute," Holmes interposed, "I desire to give an explanation of my conduct to Miss Gloria Watson."

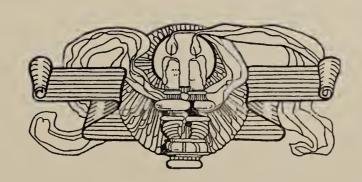
"Very well," the Captain agreed.

"Gloria," Holmes proceeded, "I regret this turn of affairs. My sole purpose in playing the role of 'Black Magic' was to create news for interesting stories. As a reporter, I wished to offer interesting material for public consumption. In your profession, you have benefited by the hoax of my devising as well as I did. Now you have a scoop on the entire story. But can you forgive me?"

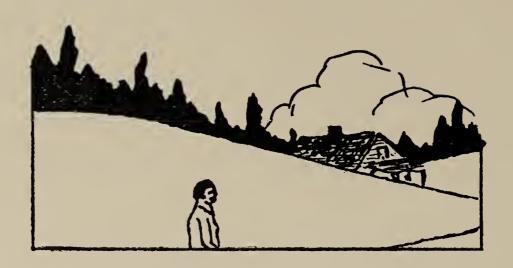
"I was rather mean to you, Victor Holmes," she apologized, "and being a reporter myself, I can understand your idea. Of course I forgive you, but to my mind your conduct is not consistent with good journalism."

"Since you forgive me, I hope to see you later, perhaps by six months," replied Holmes as the Captain and his bobbies led him away.

Gloria Watson gazed for a while at the group of policemen who were leading away the man whom she had accused. Then alone she made her way homeward in the fog and darkness of the night.



Revery by 11. I. Ranly '35



I rubbed my eyes
To banish all surprise,
For I was home; at my happy home
With its intriguing haunts
That lay mid hollyhocks and bowers,
Green with vines,
And morning-glories blown in bloom.

Ah, is it mine to have this bliss

To be at home?

It cannot be; and yet

'Tis in the wind

That creeps between the shutter's screen

And blows so gently on my cheek

To make me feel that I'm at home,

Where Mother's footsteps softly fall,

And Father rules as king of all.

A clock is striking nine:
Yes, it is the old tall clock
That stands upon the landing floor
Of that small stairs within my home.
How easy 'tis to hear
Such sounds as have a heart in them,
And words as sweet
As lover speaks to her he loves
To syllable the truth in tones

REVERY

Of charming music?
Such is home,
And here I find myself.
To give me proof,
The swaying sycamore beside my home
Sings through its silvery leaves
Those haunting words,
"This is your home, your home sweet home,
Once more."

The moonbeams dancing on the wall;
The crickets chirping in the hall;
The wheel of old familiar sounds
Has come full round
To tell me that this gift
By the all-gracious Giver
Is an emblem of love beyond compare,
With jewels yielded by the grudging earth;
With the twining love of beauty and of youth;
With songs inspired by the balm of spring,
For such is home to me;
A place of sweetness unalloyed
Which thrills me with the pleasant thought
That once more I'm home — at my own sweet home.

Then lightly sauntering through the fields, O'er trails and paths of childish dreams, Just wandering on in an ecstatic mood, I doubt once more — can this be home? There is a heavenly atmosphere, A cause for wonder — — Again I rubbed my eyes.

THE SWINGING DOOR

By Henry Gzybowski '36

THE unsocial, whether in human conduct or in speech, as well as in the realm of inventions, always incurs contempt. Would there were a remedy! Evidently, there is none for the unsocial Bolscheviki in society; and most certainly none for that most unsocial of all inventions, the swinging door. It is on the latter that I shall pour out a vial of wrath in the form of a social essay, for a complaint in word or writing is the only ready means for walloping a sterling social nuisance.

"Where one good turn upsets another" is always the case with the swinging door. With the advent of civilization this class of doors came to darken the life of the cave man. Now, everywhere a person chances to go in or out, he finds that door which never swings the right way. An old play has it that Noah barely escaped getting a black eye from his wife when he tried to force her into the ark, but that he did not escape the villainy of the swinging door which gleefully turned one of his 'lookers' into a cloud of black and purple. What trouble he must have had in explaining the accident to Mrs. Noah during the forty days and nights he spent on the "sounding and foaming deep" is not recorded. But it must have been trouble enough to make him wish that he had left doors of the swinging kind out of his plans.

In any kind of building a man is har-

assed constantly by a feeling of unrest because of the danger lurking in a swinging door. His anxiety is gradually increased to the pitch of an inferiority complex while he imagines the horrid possibility of getting his right or left "lamp" plastered shut by a door which he tries to close against the wind. In bewilderment he dodges from side to side in the hope of outwitting the ruin which this super-menace to society designs to inflict upon him. Yet, let him be ever so heedful, this menace will sooner or later lay hold of him, for, with the entrance of civilization into his life, the swinging door has come along as a gruesome and unavoidable fate.

How often is not a black eye to be accounted for under difficulties that make a thoroughgoing gentleman protest against sinister accusations of having fisticuffed, when it was only a wicked swinging door that projected itself in his eye? Who will believe him? He is laughed at; he is ridiculed, and his worst friend, wife, is given the egregious credit for the perfectly discolored "orb." To be humiliated by the truth is the medicine which sets man aright; but to be humiliated by the untruth is a curse by which the swinging door pushes the best side of a man's character into oblivion. If evil triumphs, we dare not let it conquer. Away with the swinging door!

Ages have been named after conspic-

THE SWINGING DOOR

uous persons, after financial and political boodledom, after social uprisings, why then should not the present times be christened "the age of the swinging door?" By law, by customs, by choice, the swinging door has been multiplied on every variety of structure inhabitable by man. Surely, this addition upon addition of nuisance to nuisance is expected to increase public safety, but it is more likely to swell the list of accidents. Innocent looking and innocuous enough the swinging door appears to one who has not met it in battle array, but to one who has, all such signs as "beware of cross dog," "look before you weep," "this road is not fool proof," "stop, look, and listen," one and all prove to be as useless as a topcoat in a tornado aside of the one great sign which should be conspicuously hung up for public warning, "Beware of the Swinging Door." In fact the swinging door dwarfs the most ingenious instruments of modern warfare. If only countries that love the process of inhuman butchery would be aware of this, the world would quickly become safe for democracy.

That Shakespeare was a great observer no one will dare to deny. But I shall spite the world by boldly denying it. What depths of tragedy did he not overlook by failing to employ the swinging door in his "blood and thunder" scenes. His villains mostly sneak up from behind to do their worst, or wait until their chosen victim is fast asleep, but the swinging door will blacken your eye, or knock you down without preparation or apology. Would it not have been for more heart-rending, for instance, to see the hero in a tragedy meet his untimely end at the hands of his betrothed by means of a swinging door slammed, oh, so accidentally, against his

manly profile, than to see the gleaming sword blade do its work? In a truly heartbroken manner could the heroine then exclaim, "O misery! Why have I been given such a wicked swing? Surely I did it unintentionally." If, furthermore, actresses should find it necessary to shriek most naturally, they would merely have to get their fingers pinched by a swinging door. Death itself could not wrench a more normal shriek from them. Clearly enough, dramatists, who understand the appalling treachery of the swinging door and will know how to use it, can well afford to dispense with the villain in their tragedies. William Shakespeare, how comes it that you did not discover the murderous possibilities of the swinging door?

To do as he pleases with his property ever since Prohibition has been abolished is the inalienable right of every American citizen. But despite this broad right, he ought to be enjoined from using the swinging door. It is the worst enemy of his personal peace and happiness. Can there be a worse "strain on the family tie" in his otherwise comfortable home than to have a swinging door obstructing the hallway in his house? The very sight of such an enemy to personal security is nerveracking. Surely, if a home is to remain a safe, comfortable, and an attractive place to live in, a way must be found to overcome this obstacle which appears to have conquered civilized society. The only habitats that might lawfully be equipped with this kind of door are jails and dog-kennels.

A perfectly criminal effect attributable to the swinging door is the depraving influence it has on the human mother tongue. Who can be blamed for hurling red-hot words into the ozone, when this dastard

nuisance comes along with its unbearable vexation. It may be regarded as reliable history that before the time of the swinging door, people were pious and good, and that atheists and communists were unknown. That which depraves a man's speech, ruins his spirit, corrupts his blood, and weakens his mind. Agencies that produce such dire results should be excluded from the life of man, and among these is the swinging door.

Clarence Buddington Kelland's book, "The Closed Door," had a vast sale. If, however, he had named it "The Swinging Door," its success would have been a dozen-fold greater. For that title involves a mystery, and everybody would eagerly want to know what is behind that swinging door — a breeze or a demon? Besides implying a mystery, as a "super-colossal" example of unreliability, the swinging door is paramount. Were it a thing of beauty, it would be an annoyance forever. But the signs of the times point hopefully to the fact that this variety of doors is doomed. For many centuries people put their ut-

most faith in the swinging door as a reliable tooth-extractor. And what was the reward for such confidence? Eleven times out of a dozen the tricky door would swing in the wrong direction, or not at all. Can a vexation of such magnitude be tolerated? If only Dante had thought of this infernal invention, he might well have added another circle to his "Inferno" in which the swinging door could have posed as the tormenting devil. That people should grow tired of such a tantalizing device is no wonder, and is not in the least blameworthy.

What can be done to oust the swinging door from the position of honor it has usurped in buildings? Architectural designs should simply be reshuffled. The sliding door should take the place of the obnoxious swinging door, and at that the sliding door should be made of felt or of smooth, velvety rubber. But let architects shake their heads over this problem. Their slogan must be, "The swinging door is taboo."

Bear in Mind

bу

R. Anderson '36

If in conceit you think the world is fortunate;
And that your influence deserves a purple gown
Because you have a mind that's crowned with envied fame;
Then take a seat beside a clown whom you despise,
And there recall that your grand dust some day with his
Will be as clay. No mausoleum's rocky wall
Will make the world remember him much less than you,
For earth will show no favor when she calls her own.

Hence, bear in mind, that when you're seen no more by man, The clouds will keep their course as they were wont to do; The wheels of industry will make their usual noise; The universe will have no special need of you. The humble heart alone will have an untold worth Before a God, Whom it has served while here on earth.

THE CATHOLIC NEWSPAPER

By John LaBadie '35

THE idea underlying newspapers is the **I** presenting of such problems as readers may readily solve in their own individual minds. Naturally, it is most desirable that problems should be tendered without any taint of personal bias or political domination. Is it possible to offer news totally colorless in character? It will not even require a careful study of the great secular dailies to permit answering this question in the negative. These dailies are nothing more than mere pawns, controlled by the practiced hands of their editors and publishers. Then there is the desire for ever greater circulation. Even the soundest principles of journalism are willingly sacrificed to the urge of commercial advantages. Together with the personal preferences of managing editors, financial gains are responsible for plastering the front page of papers with columns brimming with sensational reports, while such items as are important for the majority of people are relegated to the second and following pages. Certainly, this practice is not carried out with iron-clad consistency; for, if it were, an intolerable monotony would result, and monotony is the bane of newspapers.

As to the items themselves, called news, which the papers carry, it may be asked what really constitutes that illusive quality by which they become attractive to readers? Journalists generally agree in defining news as "an accurate fact or idea that will interest a large number of people." Hence

it is said that news must be accurate and interesting. But there is wide latitude in the practical application of these essentials. The manner in which they are applied is a fork in the road at which the Catholic newspaper and the secular newspaper part company. With respect to accuracy the secular paper inclines to use broad ethics, and very often, according to the bias of the managing editor and publisher, will see news only through "yellow glasses." In matters pertaining to politics such colored vision nearly always obtains; a condition which necessarily accompanies party government. Thus, statements made by men of prominence, especially during times of economic stress or public excitement, will be interpreted by Democratic and Republican newspapers as favoring their individual causes, or will be met with wholesale condemnation. In this way hundreds of pages carrying political propaganda will reach the hands of unsuspecting readers. Nor is political affiliation alone responsible for this strabismic view. Personal bias, inopportunism, the prejudice of the reading public, one and all come in for their share of consideration.

Where accuracy is exposed to continuous bombardment of emotional meteorites, it will find difficulty in surviving beyond a possible minimum measure. That other essential newspaper production, interest, the querulous child of human emotion, will usually crowd its companion, accuracy, into a dangerously tight place. But it is ac-

curacy in Catholic news reports that is most important. Like all other realms of activity, the Catholic Church has her own problems; most of them, of vast import to her followers. Definite and straightforward statement of her problems is always a prime requisite. Interest is, of course, desired, but the flavoring of a story for the sake of mere interest has no place in papers that seek to serve her cause. Not that the overgrown secular papers are disqualified to report news specifically Catholic in nature, but they are too much involved in worldly affairs to permit making the required investigation. Besides, it is not in line with their policies regarding interest. Where the slogan obtains:

"Thrice blessed he whose statements we can trust,

But four times he who gets his news in 'fust',"

there is just cause for fear that accuracy will be sacrificed to other advantages.

It is not alone a question of handling problems successfully that makes a Catholic newspaper a positive demand. Other features, belonging to the nature of the news which this kind of paper is expected to report, can only be supplied fully by a Catholic management. There is, for instance, the task of ferreting out news, a process, which among journalists is called "a nose for news." What paper, outside of one thoroughly interested in Catholic affairs, would sincerely urge its reporters to unearth news that will necessarily interest Catholic people alone? The secular newspaper could hardly be expected to circulate news of this character in its proper setting, a setting which can only be developed by first-hand knowledge of what is being said and explained. That the secular paper has made earnest attempts at mastering this art of giving Catholic news its proper atmosphere is out of question. These attempts, however, have usually fallen short of doing justice to the subjects treated. The difficulty, therefore, connected with the paper presentation of specifically Catholic news has largely induced the secular newspaper to neglect this class of news altogether, or at least to a very noticeable extent.

The Catholic newspaper naturally finds it in harmony with its purpose to search for news that will interest the Catholic reader. Incidentally, it will meet with occasions for correcting erroneous opinions that have been carelessly fostered by the secular press respecting Catholic life and practice. An antidote of this kind is needed, for the secular paper will find its way into every home throughout the land in one form or another, and the general reader will be drawn to its honey pots of sensationalism like the moth to the flame. Inaccurate ideas concerning things Catholic will be picked up only too easily with a consequent weakening of faith unless the questions and doubts that have taken root will be boldly met with proper solutions. The Catholic newspaper embodies the means desired to accomplish this end. From a very practical standpoint it may be said, therefore, that the Catholic newspaper is indispensable for every Catholic and for every Catholic home.

As a feature of Catholic Action, a movement inaugurated in recent years, supporting and reading the Catholic newspaper is to be highly recommended. Not only does a Catholic paper aid in correcting erroneous opinions gathered at random from scattered reading, from the lecture platform, and from ordinary conversation, but

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it also assists materially in providing explanations for matters brought into question by misconceptions of Catholic doctrine. In this instance, the Catholic newspaper is a ready and effective apologete whose assistance in giving correct answers may be invoked as occasion demands. falls directly in line with its policy to instruct in matters belonging to faith and sound morals. Certainly, it does not presume to take the place of the sermon or catechetical instruction, but as a supplement to these methods of teaching religious truth its help is invaluable. Unfortunately, the percentage of those who read anything at all of a serious nature is very small, and, unless such reading matter is put before people in a most convenient form, it will receive no attention. Catholic Action, therefore, does well to include in its program the promotion of reading things Catholic, and among these things

the Catholic newspaper has recognized importance.

Hence, a Catholic newspaper for Catholic news should be the slogan for every Catholic. The secular paper cannot take the place of the Catholic paper in the manner desirable, when there is question of religion and morals. Possibly it could do so, if it were to change its standard of ethics, but for the present this is beyond hope. When the secular paper, nowhere in this country, even tries to give an accurate account of the religious situation in Mexico — news that could not fail to be of general interest — then, certainly other news values of a Catholic nature will receive scant justice in its columns. Though it must fight against heavy odds to maintain its grounds, the Catholic newspaper has come to stay, and it must stay if the truth, and nothing but the truth. is to be given in purely Catholic news.

I. H. S.

Easter is
A time of
Joy which
Comes but
Once a year. It fills the
Hearts and minds of men
With happiness and cheer.
Now since

Now since
We truly
Love this
Time; let's
Cause the
Feast day
Bells to
Chime and
Send their song
Of joy and cheer to all
Mankind, both far and near.

J. A. Nienberg '35

SUNDOWN AT MONTREAL

By Justin F. Serocinski '35

THE beveled edges on the plate-glass windows in the Bannister drawing room sprayed a medley of colors on the magenta rug which covered the hardwood floor. The room was large; the ceiling, high; and from the oaken beams hung a beautiful English lighting fixture. Though tastefully decorated, the Bannister home was not new. Mere decoration could not hide the signs of age that had embraced the life-spans of three generations of Bannisters — an old Bostonian stock which had now died down to one scion of the race, Tommy Bannister.

Tommy was eccentric. Into the thirtythree years of his life had crowded everything that was new-worldly from Plymouth Rock onward down to his own day. But the new-worldly in his system did not include the modern. He disliked movies, ball games and even dances. He saw life only through the perspective of a bachelor whose suitable companionship was an only butler. Tommy had read the life of Hawthorne, and the early secluded life of this morbid introvert appealed mightily to him. But the modern generation would not let Tommy alone. Despite his eccentricities, young Boston society made him This element gathered at his popular. home, welcomed or not, forced him into playing bridge, billiards, and even into conversing on topics of current interest.

Sunday afternoons, the year round,

brought the Bannister clique together. The delightful drawing room in the old house on such occasions witnessed the meeting of a young and smart set that had nothing in common with Tommy outside of making him one of its own in the capacity of On a Sunday in October, a day which happened to be chilly, windy, and unpleasant, the visitors lolled about the drawing room not knowing what to do for amusement. Even the radio offered little more than crooning. Presently came the announcement that a Catholic priest would speak during, what is called, the Holy The announcement stirred up a lively talk about religion among Tommy's youthful visitors. One of them, Bernadette de St. Aubin, shot the question at him:

"Tommy, old pal, what are your views on religion?"

"Bernadette," Tommy answered, his face growing dark and serious, "I don't believe in God, how then can I bother about religion? I believe only in one person, Tommy Bannister. Young as I am, I'm a builder. My delight is tall buildings; giant bridges across rivers anywhere in the world. I cannot allow my mind to drift on other things."

Bernadette was shocked at Tommy's answer. She had known him to be a sophisticated, somewhat arrogant, self-satisfied aristocrat, but she had not thought of

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him as being the godless man he claimed to be. From now on, she would no more frequent his company. Her resolve took immediate effect. With as much poise as she could command, she rose from her chair, put on her wraps, and bidding a cold good-bye, she left the house. Quickly she stepped into her little roadster in order to give nobody a chance to follow her and sped away, never to return to the Bannister home. It was not her intention to cause a "party break," but that break came about within a few months. Tommy Bannister's arrogant assertion, "I have no God," turned a house that had been a cheerful meeting place into a lifeless home, a home without a soul. One by one, his gay, laughing companions dropped away from him. Probably he did not care, for he made no attempt at being popular, but the "break" made him think.

The light, broken into colors by the beveled edges of the plate-glass windows, continued to play on the magenta rug in Tommy's drawing room as before. But his only companions now were his butler, his radio, and his dog. The little "upper four-hundred group" with its smiles, jokes, and pleasantries, no longer put in its appearance. In spite of his general dislike of company, things began to look a trifle queer to Tommy. To distract his mind, he sought the fellowship of rule and pencil in making sketches of mighty skyscrapers that should be veritable towers of Babel. But the Babel of disquieting emotions within him also towered. Always sulky in his disposition, he now grew sullen, crabbed, and discontented. His attitude toward the chief men in the architectural company to which he belonged became so overbearing that many of his plans were rejected by them. Finally he was put to

the test by these men, and a bitter test it was.

A grand church in Montreal had gone up in flames. Years ago, the same firm to which Tommy now belonged, had carried out extensive reconstruction work on this church, that was really a building, basilica-like in proportions. The same firm was now called upon to make plans for a new building. Tommy Bannister was ordered to work at the plans. He flatly refused to do so, for, as he said, he had no desire to work at a building designed for the idle use of praising God. He would use his talent for planning structures serviceable to commerce, or even for housing cattle, but for a church, a house for a God, who did not exist, no; others whose talents were inferior to his might waste their time on such foolish projects. But the president of the architectural company was not in a mood to tolerate peevishness and fooling. Sharply he ordered young Bannister either to get busy with the plans, or to sever his connections with the firm.

The unexpected threat cowed Tommy Bannister into submission. But how was he to develop plans for a church building! His interest had always turned to skyscrapers, factories, in short, commercial buildings. He secured a number of pictures of the great cathedrals of Europe. From these pictures, however, he could learn little of real value for his purpose. In spite of revolting at the idea, he found it necessary to visit and inspect Catholic churches. He decided to go to Canada, where, in the city of Montreal, the beautiful cathedral of Notre Dame might furnish suggestions suitable to his undertaking. Besides, he could survey the spot and the surroundings of the building for which he was to submit plans.

Montreal with its open gaiety in manners impressed Tommy Bannister much like a little fairy girl when compared to an aged woman. To his mind, Boston was the aged woman sitting in stately reserve at her quiet fireside. In Montreal all was life. Such general happiness he had never seen before. There was beauty, an unusual beauty, in the sky and in the surrounding landscape. Within the city, every facility common to any great metropolis was at command, but without the noise, bluster, and excitement which ordinarily prevail in the larger cities of the United States. The people also appeared to differ in disposition from the staid qualities of the loiterers in Louisburg Square. To discover the reason for this unlikeness between Montreal and Boston at first deeply engaged the mind of Tommy. For several days, he almost forgot the purpose of his coming, when suddenly from neighboring towers the sweet chimes of a clock struck the hour. He was surprised to find himself near the great Notre Dame Cathedral toward which his sauntering stroll was accidentally leading him. The day was a Sunday, and the afternoon devotions were just closing as Tommy approached the edifice. He waited unobserved until, as he thought, everybody had left the church. Stealthily he glided up the great stone steps and slipped inside through the great doors. For a while he stood in amazement contemplating the beauty of the interior of the cathedral. A young lady who had prolonged her devotions was about to leave. He would speak to her. As she came near him, he asked:

"Do you belong to this church?"

"I belong to this parish," she answered in a French accent.

"Pardon me for troubling you," he con-

tinued, "there is something about this building that breathes; it's alive, what could it be?"

"Don't you know? Have you no religion?" she asked.

"To me all religions are the same," he answered coldly.

"Then you're not a Catholic?"

"Least and last of all," he replied almost sarcastically.

"I must be going," said the young lady and turned to leave.

"Wait a minute," he begged, "I must learn something about this building. I'm an architect and must make plans for a Catholic church."

"You wish to make plans for a Catholic church building, and you ask why this building seems to live and breathe? Find out that much first, or you will never succeed in making suitable plans for a Catholic church."

"You are interesting," he flattered. "Where shall I find out?"

"Here is a pamphlet which tells you all about Notre Dame, but it does not tell enough. Come with me to the rectory and I shall introduce you to the Rector of the cathedral. Perhaps you can make an appointment with him. He'll tell you more about it. May I have your name, please?"

"My name is Bannister."

"Mine is Christine de Meaupra. Come with me."

An appointment was secured with the Rector for an inspection tour on the next day. As Christine and Tommy Bannister left the rectory, the sinking sun bathed the towers of the great cathedral and the neighboring mountains in mellow, golden glory. The scene was so impressive that Tommy exclaimed:

SUNDOWN AT MONTREAL

"There is a soul in this beauty!"

"Put a soul in that building you plan, and all will be well," Christine replied and took her leave.

Tommy Bannister kept his appointment with the Rector of Notre Dame cathedral. The appointment was only the first of numerous visits with the Rector. Gradually Tommy found out why the cathedral seemed to live and breathe. He learned that the source of life in a Catholic church is the presence of Christ in the tabernacle. "Wonderful!" he thought in his own mind, "If I am to plan a Catholic church building. I must know something more about this Christ."

The following many months were spent in study and planning. With the help of the Rector of Notre Dame Cathedral, Tommy found out who Christ is, and what it means to put a soul into a building. His plans grew apace with his learning. When finally he submitted his plans for inspection, they were accepted. Instead of losing his position with the architectural company to which he belonged, his fame increased and with it his joy and satisfaction.

Upon returning to Boston, he invited all his former young friends to a grand luncheon at his home. But one toast was made at this luncheon, and that was made by Tommy Bannister himself. He said in part:

"I have heard several of you say that I'm a different man from the Tommy Bannister whom you knew formerly. I can say that I'm a happy man now. I've learned to displace agnosticism by faith; despair, by hope; a world without a God, by a world with a God. And just as I have disposed of my own former lifeless self, I shall dispose of this soulless home. I intend to take up living in Montreal. There I shall seek out a certain Christine de Meaupra, who has helped me largely in securing the benefits I have mentioned. There also I shall build a home that has a soul in it, a soul as immortal as that life which breathes from the altar in Notre Dame Cathedral, and above that home I shall have engraved, "God bless this home."

His guests were astonished at these words. They regretted to hear that Tommy would leave them. One among them said, "How happy would it not have made Bernadette de St. Aubin if she could have heard Tommy Bannister give his sentiments in a mood withal so jovial!"



The Breamer

E. I. Hession '35

He dreamed he had traveled o'er roads long unknown, And guided his airships through gray skies unflown; His bark was the first to sail storm-beaten seas, His foot was the first to trod troublesome leas.

When great odes were written, they came from his pen; His song was the envy of robin and wren. Though names shone like stars in both country and town, His name was the highest in praise and renown.

The enemy feared him in blood-curdling war; His cannon burst forth the most ear-racking roar. At peace he controlled both senate and state, Alone he was destined as master by fate.

But he was a dreamer — a dreamer — no more! No helmet, no mantle, no armor he wore. However prophetic and bold he might seem, The world knew well he was wrapped in a dream.

Our Birds

L. J. Henrikson '36

Here on the hill, a mystic light Mingles with the green; It is Aurora's new-lit flame Rising on the scene.

A choir sings its morning hymn, Rolling sweet and low, Then bursts into a louder strain Over all, I trow.

And when the last pale shadows fled, Breaking in the sky, The choir rose to greet the dawn, Flying swift on high.

Its twittering gently rides the air, Bearing to the ear A comfort lastingly divine, Soothing every care.

It is the choir of happy birds, Singing in their glee; For you and me and all they sing Songs from troubles free.

NATURE'S FRIENDLY MONUMENT

By Joseph Anthamatten '37



PPRECIATION! Yes, no other word A so fully expresses my sentiment regarding a certain grand memorial of nature's genius. Though it has being in reality, yet for the present, it is hidden in my memory. Grandeur alone characterizes this piece of natural art in its pristine magnitude. Nothing will ever destroy my impression of its imposing glory, not even time; nay, on the contrary, time will only increase my original appreciation. I realize this fact fully, now that four years have elapsed since last I stood before this monument and felt its mystery fill my soul with astonishment. I then desired that others should take notice of it and share my feeling of exaltation. With this idea in mind, I have advertised it on all occasions and I am pleased to write about it.

This wonder of nature has the sublime outline of a huge mountain, several thousand feet in length and very high. It is not equally high over all, as nature is never artificial in her work, and its sides do not show the smoothness of the mason's

trowel. An extensive talus, mostly in the form of boulders, makes scaling easy from one direction. But it seems that nature never intended these boulders as a means for climbing. By far the most of them lie strewn about as if the most ingenious of sculptors had designed them for a rock garden to add perfection to the scene. Truly, the fragments were gathered up, lest they should be lost. To add a plentiful touch of the picturesque, large caverns torn into the solid rock suggest an amazing line of ancient porticoes. Between them in numerous crevasses, trees have found a footing and lift their leafy spirals in terrace upon terrace to the summit in the warm and invigorating sunlight.

Many are the times I have wondered how this vast deposit of rock chanced to rear its mighty head above the surrounding plain. Some mighty force within the earth must have exercised its rough skill on this spot to which not only this mountain-like bluff bears witness, but also the present course of the Arkansas River. In

centuries past this river has been diverted by a mile from its former bed. At present, only a small tributary huddles close to the foot of the undulating mass of stone and earth which serves as a monument to this extraordinary upheaval. But I am not particularly interested in geological problems. My mind is captivated more by reminiscence than by research.

The fondest memories of my boyhood days cling to this old mountain. To me and to my young friends it offered a gorgeous playground. Over its caverns, grapevines, thick as ropes, trailed. To swing on these vines, or to navigate across a dangerous abyss by the hand-over-hand method proved to be an unending delight. How could there be any danger in these youthful ventures? My friends and I loved the mountain; we had explored it from base to top and found it friendly.

catastrophe, trifling however, though of no serious import, let us know that danger often lurks under a bland exterior. We were enjoying our usual daring feats on the grapevine ropes, when we became entangled in the crowning limbs of a sturdy oak that had lost its footing and had tumbled on the precipitous side of a ravine. At once my playmates and I, always on the lookout for adventure, scrambled down the great trunk of the fallen tree into a gulch that seemed bottomless. Nervously we clung to the roots of the fallen tree and were in the act of climbing back, when we thought it great sport to have our pet dog, Spot, make his way down to us. Urgent coaxing made him attempt the trail only to trip over a limb and hurdle down into a gruesome depth from which he never returned. The accident was a warning; and in silent, sweating haste, we crawled back to safety. Nothing, however, could dampen our love for what we called our big playmate, the mountain. Though we regretted the loss of Spot, yet we continued to romp up and down the back of our great stony friend.

The seasons of the year found this monument to nature's idiosyncrasies a veritable toy to be decorated according to the caprice of each of them. "Eternal spring with smiling verdure here, warms the air and crowns the youthful year." In spring this monumental mountain seemed to be at its best. The gurgling waters of its streamlets tried to keep in perfect tune with the band of feathered songsters. Dancing shadows blended harmoniously with the color scheme of countless rocky fissures. "Soul-satisfying in its simplicity," are the words William Bede would use to express his appreciation of the scene, and these, his words, give vent to my own feelings so exactly that I shall not resort to any other description.

How often in times past must not this monument of nature have made a suitable frame for the wild Indian life of some bronz-colored young Brave, who prowled among its vegetation and hid in its yawning ravines! Here he may have held tryst with his chosen maiden — a Sioux beauty with dark features, tousled tresses, piercing eyes, high cheek bones, and white teeth that contrasted so garishly with her brown skin. Yes, indeed, an Indian loved too and also cared. The clear moonlight and the enchanting scene aroused a longing in his wild heart as well as in the heart of any other man. The call of spring came to him, and if he ever answered that call in this lovely spot, he must, for the time, have ceased to be an Indian.

The otherwise oppressive heat of summer days is as welcomed under the shady

NATURE'S FRIENDLY MONUMENT

foliage of this mountain as the glowing embers on a hearth in the cold of winter. For here:

"All green and fair the summer lies, Just budded from the bud of spring With tender blue of wistful skies, And winds which softly sing."

At high summer tide, my companions and I would pack our knapsack with the best food-goodies in our homes and set out for a hike to our favorite mountain. To scout about its huge rocks was a most thrilling exercise, and exercise that was a better appetizer than any nostrum a person might get from a distillery or a pharmacopoeia. How sweet those "eats" tasted when seasoned by the coals of ash and oak. Besides, dessert was near at hand — wild grapes, red haws, black haws, berries in great variety.

Gigantic arbors of vines added a special summer effect to this mighty stage on which we, as amateur actors, played our parts and played them well. The brilliant sun was our floodlight, and a change of scenery required no more work than making a few steps. Our orchestra was the birds, bees, beetles, and the ever present mosquito. Racking our memories was not required to retain our lines. In naturalness our outdoor dramas had the best stage productions of the largest cities in the world "beat all hollow." If only my companions and I could re-enact these dramas, how happy we would be on that stage — the mountain, a monument to nature's power, and a monument to our pleasure.

When autumn came to our happy rendezvous, it brought endless changes in color. An artist would have stood enthralled at the sight. But we who played among the colors probably enjoyed them more than any artist. We took the part of plain Indians in this paradise of beauty. It was, however, not always a paradise There was the insidious without care. snake ready to bring evil upon us. More than once, we barely escaped the poisonous fangs of the copper-head. Our Guardian Angels must have protected us on these occasions, for our own eyes could hardly see the copper-colored snakes among the brown leaves on the ground. Perhaps we fared better than the real Indians of bygone years, for God only knows how many of them found death, where we found only happiness. The thought of danger never seriously entered our minds; we recalled merely the saying, "How bravely autumn paints upon the skies the gorgeous fame of summer which is fled."

Hardly less enjoyable than the beauties of the other seasons were the snows of winter. Chasing the cotton tail, or hunting the squirrel and the opossum on and about our mountain memorial, provided hours of amusement that were usually climaxed by sleigh-riding, making snowmen, and indulging in snowballing. That hunting might prove more profitable among the tall weeds on the neighboring plain or among the somewhat distant hills did not occur to our minds. The mountain had come to be one of our playmates, and now that it stood stark and chilled by winter, it was not to be forsaken. As friends are said to interpret ourselves to us, so this friendly mountain was our interpreter of the meaning of joyous and wholesome sport. We loved it even in its wintry garb of white, dotted by bare, black trees and long black streaks of gaping ravines. There it stood like a model of a vast cathedral

handed down by nature itself for human imitation. The scenes it impressed upon my mind, and the happy hours during which it lent its mighty back to me and my chosen companions, I shall not easily forget. If a masterpiece of nature may be reckoned as a friend, this old mountain with its seasonal beauty shall continue to hold a place among my most cherished recollections.

As my memory carries me back to take

another glance at that huge mass of rock and earth, a feature unnoticed before grows into outline. The stones, together with the dark earth upon them, turn into grim and threatening visages which reflect the angered feelings of a stoical race that it now all but exterminated — the American Indian. Was this monument of nature more friendly to the Indian than to me? I grow jealous at the thought.



The Kaster Candle by R. Lux '36

Oft as I see that candle burn,
The sufferings of Him, Who slept in the room
Of the grave in the rock near the cypress tree,
Bring to my soul a sad poignant grief
For each painful wound that He bore for me.

My sorrow is made of old sadness for sin And pierces my bosom with that tender name Of Jesus, the Savior, in this world of men — That the pulse of my heart will scarcely stir, Till I find Him undoing death's silence again.

From the flame which surmounts that scepter of wax, I find that my hopes have been answered anon — Hopes that carry a sunny perfume And spread a loved fragrance in the chancel's room Like the smell of the vine in its earliest bloom.

"He's risen!" These words are like music to me, Which bursts from the halo of that candle flame. A music most sweet in these words I found That fain would I say, "O, sing them once more!" But in silence the flame shone sweet as the sound.

RECLAIMED

By Albert Ottenweller '36

THE hulking form of a man rose from a battered seat and shuffled across a floor littered with rubbish. Having come to a window through which the morning sunlight peered faintly, he used his dirty sleeve to rub a pane clean enough to permit seeing what the weather was doing. Everything out of doors showed a vigorous awakening. An April breeze stirred the trees; wild flowers scattered their many colors among weeds; winged life flitted erratically from branch to branch in an effort to find a safe place for home-making. But the stooped and rawboned man at the window took no delight in the beauty of the morning. He saw only the gloom within his own soul. In his waking hours, as well as in his dreams, the threads of his past years were weaving themselves into a picture — a drab, painful, cynical picture.

People had known the man as Nick Ludwig. He had been a boss among the lumbermen of the Libby McNeil Logging Company away out west. A veritable giant, Nick, in his better days, towered among the loggers. He was promoted to the boss-ship because he had a stern jaw, coarse features, and could wag a spicy tongue. The most stubborn log moved when Nick spoke. His underlings called him a tyrant, but names had no effect on Nick. He knew that among rolling, crashing, tumbling timber, a fellow had to be

a jaw-clincher. As a boss, he was a success — the undesirable success of hard-fistedness. His closest acquaintances believed that he was a gnarled, old oak log that had suddenly come to life.

Despite his sturdy bow-legged, roundbellied, bull-necked frame, he had little room left at the inside of himself for passion, the passion of sorrow. Long ago he had married Meira, a lovely girl-wife. In due time a son was born to him, who came to be a smiling, tow-headed youngster and, naturally, the joy of his parents. Things went along wonderfully for a while. Then Meira perished. What else could be expected? But the little tow-headed boy, properly named Jimmy, remained as a consolation to his father; but an imperishable sorrow for Meira also remained for the old man. He became dejected, this Nick Ludwig, sturdy as he was. A sad, far-away look thrust the flashing beam out of his eyes. He began to brood, and when a live, old oak log begins to brood, one had better stay out of the way. His men quickly learned as much; but do what they would, crossing the old fellow's path could not always be avoided. Such occasions brought down harsh treatment. Naturally, his men began to growl under the increased tonguelashings which always comprised more than forty curse words minus one.

Fortunately for everybody, boy Jimmy was around to cheer his dad. Many a time

his presence dispersed a gathering verbal thunderstorm which was headed in the direction of some lumberjack. The logmen began to like Jimmy. They showed unfeigned appreciation of him for keeping his dad from shooting off his mouth more than half-cocked when a fiery explosion was already sizzling. It flattered old Nick Ludwig's pride to see his hardy laborers admire Jimmy. The show of such admiration even caused the toughened fibre of the old boss to relax all the way down to displaying partiality to those who spoke well of the boy. Jimmy, of course, was not big and old enough to understand the influence he was exerting in favor of the logmen, but, as most children will do, he responded to acts of kindness by indicating preference for those from whom kindness came. Word soon went about that the child was the boss of the old man; then, why not turn for favor where favor could be had? Jimmy became the mascot of the logging crew; the embodiment of good luck for them; the lightning rod which always cleared the atmosphere from dangerous static charges. He could protect the laborers from the wrath of his dad, but a sudden turn in events proved that he could not protect his dad against the laborers.

Early one spring, a big lumber drive engulfed the logging camp in a swirl of activity. Nick Ludwig's gang chopped, sawed, and dragged logs to the neighboring river before the coming of the spring floods. The push and rush in the logging business were the biggest in the history of the Libby McNeil Company. New devices were quickly installed for speeding up work. Among these devices, a dummy railway proved most effective. To cut down distance, the track of this railway was laid close to the edge of a deep rocky

gulch. Carefully the donkey engine had to crawl along this stretch of road with its trainload of logs. An accident would mean serious delay in work. Yet, resentment does not reckon with consequences. Accident, delay in work, even bloodshed will not stand in the way of resentment.

During a spell of sickness, little Jimmy had to be kept in doors. While he was absent from the logging scene, his dad, old Nick Ludwig, indulged his natural, ruffian disposition. Tenseness hung over the camp like a thundercloud. Something was bound to happen. The day was warm. Nick Ludwig threw off his coarse, stiff lumberjacket, chose a point of vantage from which he shouted his vulgar and irritating commands, and at times even threatened violence. The lumbermen became restive. A loud crash ensued at the gulch. The roar of escaping steam could be heard amid the noise of rolling and tumbling logs. The gulch had its longedfor victim. At its bottom lay the donkey engine, a twisted mass of wreckage, together with the bodies of three men, smashed to death. Fury rose to the highest pitch among the workmen. At once they instituted a search for the cause of the accident. There at the spot where the engine had left the rails lay the rough, stiff jacket of Nick Ludwig, the boss. It had been twisted into a tight roll that was almost cut in two by the engine wheels. Who could have used the jacket to wreck the train? Who was responsible for the death of the three men? Certainly, no one but the tyrannical boss himself. The workmen rushed up to him and accused him. In the excitement, his customary brutality seemed to leave him. He tried to explain, but he could not make himself heard above the shouts: "Lynch him! Lynch this dog,

Ludwig!" For the first time in his life, the old boss showed fear before his men. Yet none of them dared lay hold on him immediately. Using what little chance was left to him by their delay in seizing him, he managed to slip away, hid in the forest, and quickly betook himself on a long journey. The journey was not as long in distance as it was in time.

For the first several days of his selfimposed exile, he often wondered who among the lumbermen could have found his jacket and used it to derail the logging train? He could arrive at no definite conclusion on this point. Then the thought of little Jimmy, his son, worried him terribly. It was lucky, so he mused, that he had called in his sister-in-law to take charge of his home after his wife had died. Jimmy would be safe with her, his aunt, but how could they make a living? He consoled himself with the thought that his sisterin-law was an able woman and, as such, would find a way out of every difficulty. After all, he did not expect to be absent from his home very long. He would return to the camp; the lumbermen would finally understand that he was not the guilty person. Fear, however, interposed its threat everytime he thought of returning. He had treated a rough set of men in a rough manner, and any and every one of them would be glad to give him a dose of his own medicine. This he knew for certain; the thought kept him away from Jimmy and his home for eight long years.

Alone, in a mere hovel, Nick Ludwig now made his home in a far-away forest. An insistent longing for his son, and worry of other kinds reduced his once starwart frame to a hulking, shuffling, rawboned man, who on an April morning cleaned a patch on the window pane of his hut and looked out to see what the weather was doing. He had no idea at the time that his son, Jimmy, now almost a young man, was on the trail to that lonely hut. The one person in the world for whom he sorrowed was close at hand to reclaim him as a father. A knock at the door; a cautious opening of the door — a tall blond youth rushed into the hut.

"Dad, I've been looking for you a long, long time," said Jimmy in as calm a voice as he could command.

"Do, do, you call me, dad? Is it possible that you are my son?" stammered Nick Ludwig.

"Yes, dad," continued Jimmy with suppressed joy beaming from his face, "I'm your son. I have searched for you. Trappers in these forests told me about you and directed me to this hut. Now come with me to your former home. My aunt is awaiting my return in your company. She said to tell you, if ever I should find you, that the logging camp and the lumber-jacks are gone. You would understand what this means, she said. Come with me."

"My son, my son, so fine and tall! surely, you must be my son. I want to say I'm happy, I'll go with you." In these words Nick Ludwig put all the passion he could feel. He was still the iron-hearted character of past years, but he was never again to boss a logging camp. He returned to his home to live in peace with his son and sister-in-law with only one puzzle bothering his mind — "Who is the fellow that put my lumberjacket on the track of the dummy railway?"

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• Life Demands a Dreamer

• Thoughts at Easter

To some people, everyday life is just everyday life. They go to sleep with it around them; they Life awaken in the midst of Demands Interest it. Continuously, they see an uninterrupted sameness. Monotony almost deadens their existence. They find it easy to run along in the rut of listless self-satisfaction. Life is not theirs; their minds are dead.

Fortunately, history and literature show that this class of people make up a negligible per cent of society. By far the greater number of people dare attempt, though they may fail. There is interest in venturing, in daring, in attempting, even if no success heaves in sight. Repeated failures sweeten success when it comes. Something which made people twist their lips in a grim smile when fortune blundered in their regard gradually impels them to set their lips tightly when again they are confronted by a similar issue. For those who "are up and doing" — thanks to native human spunk — there is a driving force in one word, the ambitious word — Contest.

Defined in six words, contest is an earnest struggle for superiority. It is wide in its meaning, however. Man stands against man, tribe against tribe, nation against nation, in the contest for supremacy. Wherever struggle is in evidence there is zest, life, interest. The phlegmatic individual, for whom one day is nothing better than the other, knows little of this glory of life. But to the wide-awake, the elementary appeal of struggle is always thrilling.

What is it that injects interest in business, in commerce, in human enterprises of every kind? What is it that adds the tenseness of suspense to athletics? What is the source of real joy which man experiences in the affairs of life? It is nothing else besides the element of contest. It is struggle — contest — that neutralizes monotony, buoys a man up in defeat, and develops interest in work. Instead of avoiding contest, everybody should welcome it. G.D.L.

Primarily celebrated as the day of the Resurrection of Christ, Easter, neverthe-

less, brings with it

Thoughts many customs and

at Easter practices that have originated in the course

of time. Many of these customs have no direct bearing on the great feast as such. Those that stand in close relation to the significance of Easter have added luster to this day of unusual joy. Other customs, however, fostered mainly by individuals and groups of worldlings, have no further purpose than to increase the gain of the profiteer. To this latter class belongs the custom of appearing in new Easter-bon-

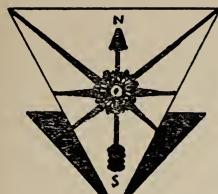
net attire, a practice intended to add charm to the wearer rather than to promote the glory of the feast.

In itself, the "Easter Parade" of newly outfitted and sleek appearing people is a harmless affair, but the clothing racket is rapidly becoming the chief motive on the part of many in celebrating this outstanding festival. There is the gentleman, there is the maid, who would flinch at the thought of attending church on Easter morning if he or she could not wear a new ensemble. Both would rather neglect paying their respect to the risen Christ than to incur the imaginary disrespect of their To this extent, the ballyhoo neighbors. for new clothing at the Easter season has progressed that the meaning of the feast fades into vanity. Really, there should be more room in the minds of people for interests of a loftier nature when a feast so full of spiritual meaning is at hand.

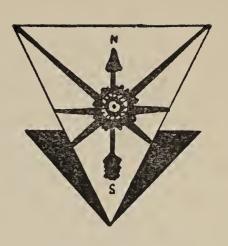
Most certainly, Easter is more than just a day on which a rabbit lays hen's eggs. It is more than an occasion on which people who have money may strut before the eyes of cameras to get pictures of themselves dressed in expensive clothing. It is the day which marks the anniversary of the resurrection of Him, Who died on the cross, that we might enter the kingdom of heaven. It is a day which reminds us of immortal truths, one among which was re-echoed by Longfellow saying, "There is no death, what seems so, is transition." There are good reasons then for loftier thoughts on the feast of Easter than mere earthly pleasures deserve. These pleasures, however, need not be avoided, but their intruding upon the celebration of the greatest of all feasts to the exclusion of weightier considerations is objectionable.

What people should not forget in the thrill of pleasure brought by the feast of Easter is, that out of this day arose the redemption of the world, the great Catholic Church, and those blessings of Christian civilization, namely, peace and happiness. That people do much to destroy these blessings is due to their own uncontrolled crankiness. If they would see in the person of Christ at Easter time the exemplification of the truthful adage: "The road of suffering is the path which leads to glory," they would enjoy the celebration of the great Easter Day more heartily.

J. G. T.



EXCHANGES



Once again The Chimes peals forth its tuneful message. Tuneful it is, for the pages of this magazine are resplendent with scholarly and practical messages which are of prime interest to the youth of today. The Chimes is well balanced; it is so arranged as to appeal both to those who are immediately connected with the college and to those whose connection is more remote. In a word, it contains all the requisites that a good college magazine should possess. Although an individual article may not excel every other article of its kind that we might find, we believe that we can say that The Chimes ranks among the best of our exchanges.

As a compendium of short stories, poems, and other sketches, the Sketch brings us several excellent articles. Some of the poetry is more than mere verse, and some of the short stories are more than mere plots. On the other hand, however, some of the articles are slightly lacking in some of the qualities which good literature should possess. The main fault of the Sketch, however, is a lack of the serious The two sketches by George element. Adamson are the nearest approach to an essay. Anyone reading the Sketch cannot help but notice the effect produced by these articles. If more of the serious element were introduced, we feel sure that the Sketch would be an exceedingly enjoyable product.

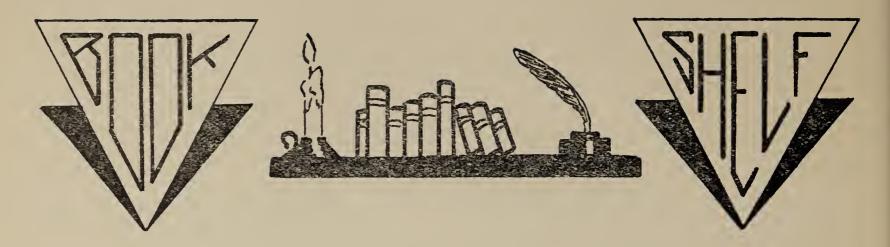
Although separated by the expanse of the Atlantic from the home of the Salesian

College Magazine, we feel at home while reading it. One realizes that the joys and sorrows of youth are similar wherever one might be. Although the greater portion of the magazine is devoted to local matter, these articles are of extreme interest to the American youth. One can glimpse into the life of the college student in a foreign land. The poetry in the Salesian College Magazine is of an exceptional variety. One can sense the sublime poetic inspiration which is its undercurrent.

The following magazines have also been gratefully received: The Clepsydra, Mundelein College, Chicago, Illinois; The Wag, Routt College, Jacksonville, Illinois; Xaverian News, Xavier University, Cincinnati, Ohio; The Black Hawk, Mount Mary College, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; St. Vincent Journal, St. Vincent College, Latrobe, Pennsylvania; The Gothic, Sacred Heart Seminary, Detroit, Michigan; The Salesianum, St. Francis Seminary, St. Francis, Wisconsin; Duquesne Monthly, Duquesne University, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; The Gleaner, St. Joseph College, Hinsdale, Illinois.

We have come to the end of another year of collegiate journalism. We wish sincerely to thank all those magazines with whom we had the honor of exchanging during the past year. We sincerely hope that with the advent of a new year their welcome presence may once again adorn our desk.

A.J.H., '35



DANTE VIVO

By Giovanni Papini

From the other side of the veil that seems to separate genius from ordinary humanity Dante has at last stepped forward. The veil has not been lifted, but Giovanni Papini has taken Dante — his life, his soul, his work, his destiny, and his complex conception of heaven and earth — into his hands and accurately probed them all. The result is given in the book called *Dante Vivo*.

Dante brought to life. Not that he was ever dead, for even in his Inferno he visualizes no physical death, but the dead restored to life; living and breathing; lamenting, prophesying and teaching. And so Papini has written a quasi-Inferno. He addresses Dante, calls him before himself, rebukes, chides and questions him. He brings Dante before him for judgment; Dante brought to life, living with us, visualizing the same Utopias and hoping in their fulfillment; and suffering from the paucity of money and the pangs of passion.

Papini conclusively proves that Dante is not the saint that some of his fanatical admirers suppose him to be. As much as he loves and cherishes Dante, he is resolved to be impartial, sincere, and earnest. That he is. The force with which this man writes of Dante is tremendous; the power with which he analyzes every part of this

sinner without disintegrating any part from the whole man is a realization of art. It is as if Dante were his Commedia; Papini describes him to us with the accuracy of the mathematician, the speculation of the philosopher, the understanding of a fellow poet, fellow man and fellow genius.

Every great genius has left us in his written, painted or musical works, a relic of himself. The closer to his own soul the genius makes this relic, and the more subjectivity he infuses into his work, yet commingling in it the universality of mankind, the greater memorial has he left of his life, and the better has he impressed his immortality on the human race. So, in writing about a genius, it is necessary to understand him, to absorb him, to burn the soul in the same flame that inspired him. Papini has succeeded so remarkably in doing this that one momentarily forgets the greatness of Dante; for one sees his faults, his foolishness, his errors and his sins adversative to his genius and his Commedia.

So comprehensively has Papini written this book that we feel no irritation when he arrogantly claims that he is on the same plane with Dante and the one man who understands him. At times he writes disparagingly of his "Tearful Poet," and becomes an iconoclast to his "Master of Words." But the underlying atmosphere of the whole book is that of inspiration,

sympathy, universality. Dante is to Papini, "Poet beyond Everything," and his finale is a humble prayer of pardon, if "I, of so little worth, did not know how to speak worthily of the noble greatness of his genius."

Edward A. Maziarz, '35

A SHORTER HISTORY OF ENGLAND By Hilaire Belloc

From such a distinguished author as Hilaire Belloc one could not but expect an exceptional work of English. Even were he not an accredited historian his record as a writer would invite one to read this new book. Certainly it was a distinct pleasure to me to accompany Mr. Belloc through two thousand years of England simply for the pleasure and satisfaction I might derive from it, without the disconcerting thought of an examination ever lurking in my mind and without the baffling confusion that necessarily accompanies a study of general history. Mr. Belloc has struck a happy style that proves attractive; his occasional use of the second person, a thing quite unexpected in a history, renders the style peculiarly informal.

Mr. Belloc's treatment of the different epochs of English history is novel. He makes the period of Roman foundation and development of prime importance, and devotes considerable space to it, whereas in most histories of England this period is hastily skimmed over. His contention is that our civilization of today is primarily an outgrowth and development of that of the old Romans, that the imprint of Roman influences is indelibly fixed upon the England of today, and that, therefore, to give to this period "a few pages only, to suggest that the Roman armies alone affected this island and suddenly aban-

doned it, leaving no imprint of the great Roman scheme of civilization upon the soil and race, is to falsify history altogether." The author dwells at length upon the seventh and eighth centuries as the period of reconstruction after the preceding chaotic century and a half. He allots one sixth of his entire book to the sixteenth century, the period during which England was transformed from purely Catholic to practically all Protestant. To the greatest period of English history, the time between the downfall of Napoleon in 1815 and the death of Queen Victoria, the time when England went forward by leaps and bounds to become the greatest nation of the world, he, strangely enough, devotes a comparatively brief space.

The author, however, does not leave us without an explanation of his treatment of these various epochs of English history. In his preface he says that "history, especially elementary history, should above all explain: it should give the 'how and the why.' It is the business of history to make people understand how they came to be; what was the origin and progress of the state of which they form a part; what were the causes which influenced each phase of change from the beginning almost to our own time. Therefore we should not 'telescope' history. We should not give to the earlier part of the narrative less space than to the later part merely because the earlier was more remote." Mr. Belloc faithfully carries out his avowed purpose to attempt to present the "how and why," the motive and consequence, and thereby adds a new note of merit to his work. He very wisely stops short in this, however, at the beginning of the present century, lest, as he says, in judging historical objects so near to the present he lose pro-

portion and his judgment be falsified in the event.

Perhaps the chief characteristic that sets Mr. Belloc's book apart in his thorough analysis of character. After all, personalities are more interesting than wars. From the Roman emperors down to the advent of the Hanoverians, from which time the king becomes more and more a mere figurehead in English government, the author attempts to make a thorough analysis of the principal men, on the assumption that in a monarchy the character and acts of the king, of his advisers, and of his opponents, have a vast influence on the conduct of the masses.

In his presentation of some well known English characters Mr. Belloc is a bit unorthodox. To cite a few examples, there is Henry VIII. He is treated much more sympathetically by Mr. Belloc than by most historians. Much blame is lifted from his shoulders and put upon those of Wolsey and Cranmer. There is also Elizabeth. She loses much of her importance at the hands of Mr. Belloc, who pictures her as entirely dependent upon and subservient to the real power behind the throne throughout her reign, William Cecil. Novel is Mr. Belloc's summary of Oliver Crom-"To govern somehow this great soldier, but most bewildered man, was compelled, whether he would or no."

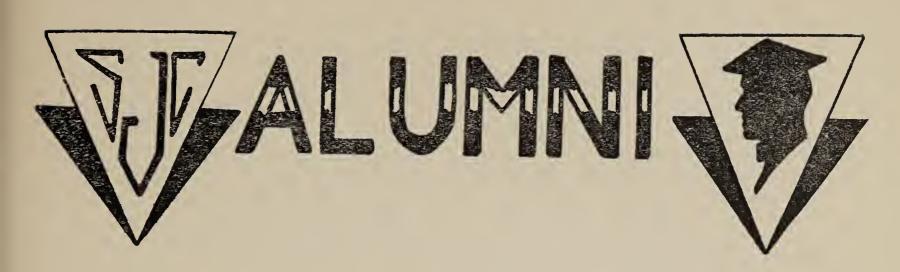
While Mr. Belloc's work is a short yet comprehensive history of England it is by no means confined to a mere narrative of English events. That were impossible in a thorough study. England has no "splendid isolation;" the channel is too narrow not to leave it open to influences good and bad from the continent. The author when necessary introduces sufficient contemporary history of the continent to provide a background for his treatment of movements and conditions in England.

Not the least of the volume's good points is the fact that it is Catholic in tone and sentiment. The author is manifestly Catholic, for such a fair treatment of Catholicism throughout the one thousand years that England knew no other belief could hardly be found in a book written by a Protestant. By that I do not mean that Mr. Belloc has included an apology along with his history, but that he has presented historical facts in their true nature.

Another mark of Mr. Belloc's wisdom as a historian is the absence of and attempt to predict the future of England. He has not made the mistake of many another writer of history. In fine, Mr. Belloc has come through with a work that is not only interesting and novel; it is especially thought-provoking and stimulating.

Norman Fisher, '37





For a moment give rein to your imagination; visualize on its vibrant screen a certain day — Com
Ave Alumni mencement Day —

perhaps one, five, ten,
or even twenty-five years ago. Let your

ear catch the melody of St. Joseph's orchestra; hear again those inspiring words of the college song, "Live thou glorious Alma Mater!" remember how your heart beat in tune to that occasion, beat with happiness for yourself, with reverence for your school, with regret for the parting which was inevitable. As you stood that day, joining in the group-singing, you felt an emotion akin to that produced by close relationship: this was home, all present were your brothers. And before the final curtain was lowered you resolved to return at your earliest opportunity. Perhaps at first you did return. Later, the caprices of life kept you away, so that now the very intention you have almost forgotten. Those tender memories of college days have faded away; those friendships fostered in hectic battles with hostile studies have been replaced by other friendships. But are the new ones as loyal as the old? Do you not wish to renew the genuine ones made in boyhood years?

The COLLEGIAN, in the name of your Alma Mater, invites you to the alumni reunion, May 12 and 13. You owe it to yourself to attend. Lapse back however many

years it may be since you left St. Joseph's; come and relive the happiest days of your life. Once again meeting gay comrades of college days will revive memories of the time when life held nothing but promises; it will be a real tonic. Come; you are welcome!

Yes, it is contagious, that smile of Leon Frechette, alumnus of 1930, who drove over from his home at Epidemic Kankakee, Illinois, the other day to pay us a call. Such an epidemic as his smile caused is always welcome.

A letter such as the Rev. George Bauer writes from his mission in Hoingan, Toi Kwangtung, Shan, China, is a real inspira-China Speaks Father tion. Bauer spent the years from 1915 to 1919 at St. Joseph's; he then entered the seminary at Maryknoll, N. Y. to prepare for the foreign missions. He has been in China for several years. Four months ago he was transferred from Chiklung to Hoingan where he has a central school in which 150 pupils are enrolled. Besides this, there are several smaller schools scattered about the countryside and the mission of Taan On attached to Hoingan. To teach Christian

Doctrine at all these places is no small man's task; it requires zeal, the zeal of the true missionary, — and apostle for Christ. Let us offer a prayer for the sublime work of Father Bauer, and, if we can do anything in a material way, let us do that too.

I am sure that if we were to ask the Rev. Frederick J. Westendorf, '27, about his new duties, he Gary Answers would reply: "Gary answers!" He is teaching Catechism in the public high schools of Gary. This work is as much of the missionary type as is that of Father Bauer in far away China. It is work that is needed, work that will bear fruit many fold, for those children are hungry for the truths of Christianity. May your success, Father,

be equal to your ardent zeal to win and

hold those souls for Christ.

"Keep things going in the 'J' club," was the suggestion in a recent and welcome letter from Charles "J" Men Attend Scheidler of last year's graduating class. "Chuck," as you well know, was the pioneer president of '34. He informs us that Carl Vandagrift, chief dial twister of his class, has a new position as secretary to Bob Valentine, WOWO radio station's

head announcer. We have reason to believe that "Vandy" will reach fame in the work he is now beginning.

The Rev. Ralph J. Mueller, of the class of '25, was recently transferred from St. Mary's Parish, Bellevue, Ohio, to Immaculate Conception Parish, Ottoville, Ohio.

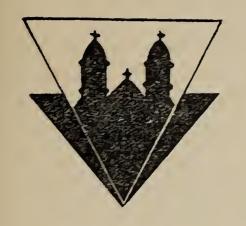
Among recent visitors from Gary were the Rev. Robert J. Baird, '26, assistant pastor of Holy Angels' Parish, and Mr. Martin F. O'Donnell, '19, inspection clerk of the Elgin, Joliet and Eastern Railway Co.

A very interesting letter arrived from Joseph Allgeier who is studying at Innsbruck, Austria. To
News gether with a favorable From Abroad criticism of the COL
LEGIAN, it contained a detailed account of a foreign student's life during the various seasons. "I shall be over here for six years," Joe states, "but I don't mind it. I am, indeed, very happy." We enjoyed the deep sincerity and encouragement of your letter, Joe. Our only

wish is that you continue as you have be-



gun.



SHADOW OF THE TOWERS



Twice has the ungentle angel of death announced his sad message during the past

Requiescant in Pace

month. On the morning of March 13, our good Brother Cornelius

Spaeth found his sister, Mrs. Lena Mathias, dead in her home in Rensselaer; on March 30 Brother Lawrence Hoorman and John Hoorman received a telegram that their sister Helen had died at the mother-house of the School Sisters of Notre Dame, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Helen, known in religious life as Sister M. Stanislaus Kostka, was in the novitiate, and would have made her temporary profession this summer. We extend deep sympathy to these mourners and assure them of our prayers for their deceased relatives.

•

When the Irish celebrate St. Patrick's Day, the whole world celebrates with them.

This year, in the little world of Collegeville,

Shamrocks not one, but two days were required. This

was not because the Irish contingent went off on a spree and didn't get back, but because the Feast of St. Patrick fell on Sunday. It wouldn't have been fair to the Irish idea of emancipation not to grant the extra holiday the morning after. Therefore, while March 17 was just Sunday, March 18 was a day of emancipation from

books and bookings, from classroom and laboratories, dedicated to country hikes and town revelry.

Patrons of the College Sweete Shoppe didn't like the odor of fresh paint while the walls of the es-

Fresh Paint tablishment were being redecorated. But they do appreciate the two-tone effect of the painter's brush. Those proprietors, Don Foohey and John Kreutzer, have both

0

business and artistic ability.

physical training.

But even with all their business ability and artistic advertising, the local "Sugar Bowl" managers have Lent and Worse felt the depression since Ash Wednesday, for quite a number of the students have been at least as rigorous about their spiritual training as were the grid and hardwood stars of the past seasons about their

On top of the voluntary penances practiced by individuals came a blanket penance, probably not so voluntary but if anything more disagreeable. That was in the form of the third quarterly examinations. Well, we gave fair warning in February that the beast was only hibernating; April showers drowned him out of his den, and after all that lack of fare for two months he was hungry.

After all, however, what are a few penances, voluntary or compulsory, when afterward the bill of Bill of Rights rights is proclaimed? Some of the "froshies" down in the high school department may have thought that a parole was granted them on April 16, that they were being let out for a week on good behavior. It wasn't that, though; and the ones who didn't chisel on either the lenten precepts or the preparations for the third ordeal really went home to enjoy an Easter vacation a la mode.

When shadows fall and chapel chimes whisper day is ending, our thoughts may wander home. This evening, however, as we pen the last lines

of our department, our fancies cling to our surroundings. Those chimes somehow sound dolefully. It is because another scholastic year has almost sped on its way; the last year, too, of our life in the shadow of the towers. The happiness of graduation is not unalloyed; it brings regrets that partings come after graduation. We have enjoyed this year; we have enjoyed particularly writing our department news. We hope, as we breathe a vale to our readers, that they have found in our little column the flavor that we have tried to put into it, and that it has brought back to them memories of the days beyond recall, days which we ourselves know we shall never forget.





COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

On the Feast of St. Joseph, May 8, the cream of the speakers of the senior class in Oratory will compete in the annual Oratory contest. To the most outstanding speaker, in the opinion of the three judges, a beautiful gold medal, donated by the Right Reverend Thomas M. Conroy, '96, will be presented on graduation day. Two other prizes, each of five dollars in cash, will be awarded to the speakers who are considered next in merit. The aspirants have already begun making preparations in anticipation of the event. Naturally, every ambitious student wants to win a prize; for that reason, all are now working zealously for the preliminary contest which will narrow down the number of contestants to eight.

The regular bi-weekly meetings of the Columbian Literary Society are still full of the traditional vivacity. Flashing a repertoire of educative discussions, interpretative readings and highly contested debates, the members look forward to their meetings with the same enthusiasm that they did at the beginning of the year.

NEWMAN CLUB

As a fitting finale to their work during the year the high school seniors, on the eve of St. Patrick's Day, successfully presented "Born Lucky," a three act comedy written by Samuel S. Richmond.

Dramatis Personae

Dutch Allender, a senior Joseph Gedden Frank Glick, a senior Norman Fisher George Bernard, a senior John Spatt James J. MacAllister, Jr., a senior

Robert Gaertner
Pete Wentz, a junior Fred O'Brien
Carl Jacobs, a junior Edward Junk
Kip Boyd, a lower classman

Edward Finan

Mr. James J. MacAllister, Sr.

James Kelley

Mr. Rudolph Lessing Edward Vorholt

The plot of this production, which by the way has a college locale, is wrapped up in a rivalry between Jimmy MacAllister, a rather likable chap, and George "Nardi" Bernard, a typical example of the arrogant type found on quite a few of our modern campuses. Both are aspirants for the highest honor in the school, the Silver Spoon;

both are after the hand of the same girl. A rather common set up, but originally worked out. As the play moves along, "Nardi" puts MacAllister Jr. on the spot both in regard to the Silver Spoon and the girl. However, in the denouement, his plans are foiled by the appearance of MacAllister's dad, and the untiring efforts of Dutch Allender, one of the college chums of Jimmy.

The Newman players may still lack the polish that comes with experience, but they must be congratulated on their fine showing. Of course, the action could have been enlivened by a number of the individual actors, for it is a recognized fact that in plays of this type there is not much danger of overemphasis. Furthermore, it seems to this writer that the informal and nonchalant air that is characteristic of the modern college youth was missing. However, this fault may be overlooked, for this was the first attempt at dramatics of these actors.

Joseph Gedden gave a rather interesting impersonation of a serious minded young man; it was characterized by an altruistic and never-give-up spirit. Robert Gaertner, the hero, carried his role with just the reserve that a college senior should have. He had a rather difficult part to follow; because of the fact that he was accused of being "ritzy," any show of arrogance would have been off color. Edward Finan, as the "stooge" of the fraternity, was excellent, helping the comedy along by his anxious sallies toward the telephone and his attempts to be a real fellow. Likewise, James Kelley deserves warm praise for the way he impersonated an old rustic. However, I believe that he could have made his part quite a bit more effective if he had placed more attention on his rural dialect. John Spatt, as the deep dyed villain, could, I believe, have injected a trifle more of the cockney into his delineation, although he deserves his share of the praise for what he did. Norman Fisher, Fred O'Brien, and Edward Junk contributed their share to the atmosphere, although, as mentioned before, the "hail fellow well met" spirit was lacking. Edward Vorholt, likewise, in his brief appearance on the stage, carried his part well.

All in all, the Newmans did quite well, and for this reason the COLLEGIAN, and in particular the Spotlighter, congratulate the members of the cast on their presentation of "Born Lucky." Excelsior, Newmans, Excelsior!

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

With a decided show of elan, the campaign for a more extensive and better Mission Festival was inaugurated, Saturday evening, March 23, at the regular meeting of the Dwenger Mission Unit. Suggestions were submitted in abundance, discussed at length, and then either voted down or adopted. Anthony Suelzer, chairman of the organization committee, in his initial report stated that tickets for the raffle would soon be on hand. He furthermore intimated that the canvassers for prizes were doing very well; at that time they had already received a table radio (donated by Fred Stroup's father) and a number of other valuable donations. A brief resume of the booths was then given, and the duties of those in charge of them were outlined. Finally, the date of the festival was officially set for Sunday afternoon and evening, April 28.

SPOT LIGHT

When the business had been transacted, Edward I. Hession with merciless introductory gags opened the private program. James O'Connor, one of the college freshmen's promising speakers, gave a concise and delightful talk on the topic "Enthusiasm." Because of the way in which he decisively drove home the point that without enthusiasm success would not be forthcoming, we are expecting much from him in future. His address was followed by a reading presented by Raymond Czarnik, another enterprising first year college man; the "Neek the Greek" variety of dialogue, in this reading won for Mr. Czarnik loud applause. Bringing a few pangs of nostalgia to the Southern gentlemen in the audience, a familiar quartette sang "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny." The orchestra, too, played a number of popular pieces, of which "Cocktails for Two" and "One Night of Love" seemed to be most appreciated. At the close of the program Father Cyrille F. Knue, moderator, added an extra impetus to the enthusiasm already stirred up by the Mission Festival committee.

RALEIGH CLUB

Those informal programs sponsored by the Club are quite an important factor in enlivening a student's existence, and because of this are sincerely appreciated by him; he finds in them surcease from the regularity which is a necessary and important part of life in a boarding school, but which without the occasional hour or two of relished nonsense would begin to cloy.

One of these panacean programs was again presented Sunday evening, March

31; it was a medley of music, singing, and dialogue. The distinctive feature of that particular event was that almost all of the musical selections were request numbers. The students, lolling in their easy chairs, got what they wanted, and of course, applauded hilariously.

That debonair master of ceremonies, Johnnie O'Brien, snappily introduced Pepper Martin, who promptly ordered his minions to swing into "When the Lights Are Low." This they did with gusto. During the course of the evening they played such old favorites as "I Never Had a Chance;" "Hell's Bells;" and Schubert's "Serenade." Jimmie O'Grady never failed at the proper time to respond to his cue; his whistling, his vocalizing, his happy-golucky smiling enhanced the orchestral numbers appreciably. As one of the many surprises of the evening, the orchestra interpreted "Down the Avenue," an original composition of Rudolph Bierberg, one of the "Red Peppers" pianists. Naturally, it was encored; its composer also took the conventional bow with elegant grace.

The "Red Peppers" did not monopolize the program; Joseph Gedden, Leonard Kostka, John Samis and Roman Anderson, favorite quartet of captivating collegians, sang: "Bones Com A Nittin';" "Gypsy Love Song;" and "Down the Avenue." Still more variety, and that of the side splitting kind, grew out of the conversation of Alvin Burns and Jim Diedrich, who appeared in two funny skits entitled: "Misfortune and a Cow;" and "A Heart to Heart Talk."

When the applause for the last humorous dialogue had dwindled to a few scattered chuckles, Father John Schon presented prizes to the winners in various

contests which have been held. Charles Froelich placed first in Ping-pong; George Kelly was acknowledged second best. Glynn Kelley proudly stepped forward as the winner in straight pool; Edward Gruber meekly answered for the second place

cup. Mosa Sphire captured the rotation tournament; Hugh Hasson placed next. Lastly, Joseph Nienberg went through a field of over sixty contestants to win the checker tournament. Congratulations, boys; you deserve it!

A Riddle's Hiding Place

by

\$. Kelley '35

A peaceful shore may bound an angry sea; And frowning clouds may blot the sunset glow; A leaden casket, priceless gems enclose, Nor sweetest smile from wrinkled care be free.

A screen of smoke may raise a driver's ire Who strives to meet the call of love or woe; A mind that's overlaid with age's rust May burn to life with new and raging fire.

Who can explain the worth of sacrifice Which cuts in twain the loaf of poverty, And gives one half to satisfy some need; The other holds at labor's honest price?

No puzzle like to man, whose kingly face The light of wisdom's ardor ne'er forsakes, Whose heart, both when it takes and when it gives, Is secret's hold, and riddle's hiding place.



Cardinals Lose Season Final to St. John's, 26 - 21

St. Joe's varsity lowered the curtain on a rather unsuccessful basketball season March 2, by dropping the final encounter to St. John's of Whiting, 26 to 21.

Tommy Ryan started the ball zipping through the net at the offset of the first period, putting the Whiting crowd into a roar of applause with two perfectly placed shots from far out on the court. Hatton made good on two free throws for the Cards, but Papach and Dubeck brought the count to 7-2 with a free throw and a field goal respectively. After Gaffney and Andres connected for two points each, Hatton evened the count with his third foul shot. From here on through the first half, field goals were practically delicacies. Dubeck again added a free throw; this time Gaffney scored a field goal. Still Mr. Dubeck persisted, dropping two free tosses, to give St. John's a 11-10 lead as the half ended.

At the opening of the second period Gaffney tied the score with a free throw, but Sotack and Papach gave the home team a four point advantage with a field goal apiece. Hession made good on a free throw, Gaffney tackled the drapes from the court, and Beeler took a well aimed pass from Gaffney to put the Cards out in front, 16-15. This was perhaps the finest play of the game. Sotack again found the basket, putting St. John's ahead, 17-16. Bubala added a free throw to give

the Whiting team a two point margin, but Gaffney once again came through to knot the count 18-all.

At this point, Benny Bubala — St. Joe alumnus '27-'31, mind you — made his presence only too keenly felt. In fact, it was his little act right here that turned the worm to a Whiting victory, as Benny's two subsequent field goals seemingly demolished the hopes of the St. Joe five. St. John's controlled the ball the greater part of the closing minutes, holding the edge in the scoring as the game ended, 26-21.

St. Joe (21)	FG	\mathbf{FT}	PF
Gaffney f	5	2	2
Beeler f	1	1	0
Scharf f	0	0	0
Hatton c	0	3	2
Andres g	1	0	1
Hession g	0	1	3
	7	7	8
St. John's (26)	FG	\mathbf{FT}	PF
Ryan f	2	0	1
Sotack f	3	0	2
Papach c	1	1	3
Dubeck g	1	6	2
Bubala g	2	1	3
	9	8	11

Referee — O'Keefe Umpire — Stack

Scorers — Drobinak, Leuterman

Timekeeper — Dvorscak

JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN THE ST.

Monogram Club Holds Tourney

Dick Scharf and his crew battled their way to the championship in the annual basketball tourney sponsored by the Monogram Club, topping Red Van Nevel's scrappers in the final game, 32 to 20.

Eight teams, composed of members of the varsity and senior league squads, were entered in the competition. As is customary in these post-season tilts, practically every game was hard fought and close to the very end. Scharf, O'Grady, Sterling, Bubala, Steininger, and J. Eder made up the champions' squad, while Van Nevel had such men to bank on as McCarthy, Sudrovich, M. Greenwell, H. Eder, and McGraw. A small cash prize was awarded the winners by George LaNoue, president of the club.

Spring Basketball Practice Called

During the few weeks' lapse in time between the regular basketball and baseball seasons, Coach DeCook called a special session of aspirants for next year's net squad. Some forty high school lads an-

swered the call. Quite a number of the boys gave promise of future basketball material, and showed that they will be in there trying to hold berths in the varsity lineup for 1935-36.

Baseball Practice Begins

Things looked pretty bright the afternoon of April 17, when Coach DeCook called for volunteers for the 1935 baseball squad. Some fifty hopefuls donned their spikes and baseball togs, and set to work limbering up the muscles of those fifty powerful arms. In one corner of the spring training camp in Collegeville, the pitchers and catchers kept shining new balls flashing back and forth; in another corner the fielders were running back, pulling the little hard sphere from out the sky; and still another group, the infielders, were playing "pepper" in center field. In short, the whole campus was alive with baseball activity.

in so far that it will have the services of practically the entire team of 1934, with the exception of Hank Rager and Paul Weaver, both outfielders, and Herb Eilerman, catcher. The sackmen are all back to take their places, and the pitchers seem to be in as good condition as ever.

Father Koenn, athletic director of the college, announces that the following games have been scheduled:

May 8 — George Williams College (Chicago), here

May 12 — Joliet Junior College, here

May 13 — Varsity-Alumni Game

May 18 — George Williams College, there

The varsity squad is fortunate this year, May 29 — Huntington College, there



A hard-driving taxi-driver ignored the red signal, threatened the traffic policeman's knees, missed the street island by a hair, and lightly grazed a bus, all in one dash.

The policeman hailed him, and then strolled over to the taxi, pulling a big handkerchief from his pocket en route.

"Listen, cowboy," he drawled, "on your way back I'll drop this and see if you can pick it up with your teeth."

Last Summer, Soller went to work on a farm. The first morning, his employer awakened him at four o'clock and said: "C'mon, we're going to cut oats."

"Are they wild oats?" Soller asked.

"No," replied the farmer.

"Then why do we have to sneak up on them in the dark?" said Soller.

Capital — money which the other fellow has.

Labor — getting it from him.

A man's changing ambitions:

At 4 — To wear pants.

At 12 — To be president.

At 14 — To wear long pants.

At 18 — To have monogrammed cigarettes.

At 20 — To take a showgirl to supper.

At 25 — To have the price of a supper.

At 35 — To eat supper.

At 46 — To digest supper.

A dinner guest in a Virginia home was telling his host how to prepare ham that would be even better than the famous Virginia ham.

Guest: "Place the ham in a deep pan and the first day let it soak in a bottle of rye whiskey and let it cook awhile. The second day add a bottle of Jamaica rum, the third day a bottle of port wine, and the fourth day a bottle of Bourbon."

Host (turning to the colored cook): "What do you think of that, Sam?"

Sam: "Ah don't know 'bout de ham, but it sho' sounds like mighty fine gravy."

The fair motorist was speeding through the sleepy village when a policeman stepped out on the road in front of her and forced her to stop.

"What have I done?" she asked innocently.

"You were traveling forty miles an hour," was the reply.

"Forty miles an hour!" echoed the fair motorist. "Why, I haven't been out an hour!"

The policeman scratched his head with his pencil before replying. "Go ahead, then. That's a new one on me."

Professor: "Does the moon affect the tide?"

Kaiser: "No. Only the untied."

She: "Lips that touch liquor shall never

touch mine."

He: "Your lips?"

She: "No. My liquor."

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I saw her stepping from a car.
And up to her I sped.
"May I not help you to alight?"
"I do not smoke," she said.

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A tourist, returning from California through the Texas Panhandle, got into conversation with an old settler and his son at a filling station. "Looks as though we might have some rain," said the tourist. "Well I hope so," replied the native, "not so much for myself as for my boy. I've seen it rain."

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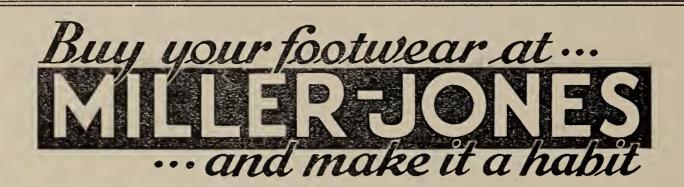
Phone 426

Voice on Phone: "Beeler is sick and can't attend class today. He asked me to notify you."

Professor: "All right. Who is this speak-

ing?"

Voice: "This is my roommate."



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Czarnik: "What's the matter with Kaple?"

Gaffney: "He's mad because I'm eating my cake and won't let him have any."

Czarnik: "Is his own cake finished?" Gaffney: "Yes, and he got mad while

I was eating that."

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